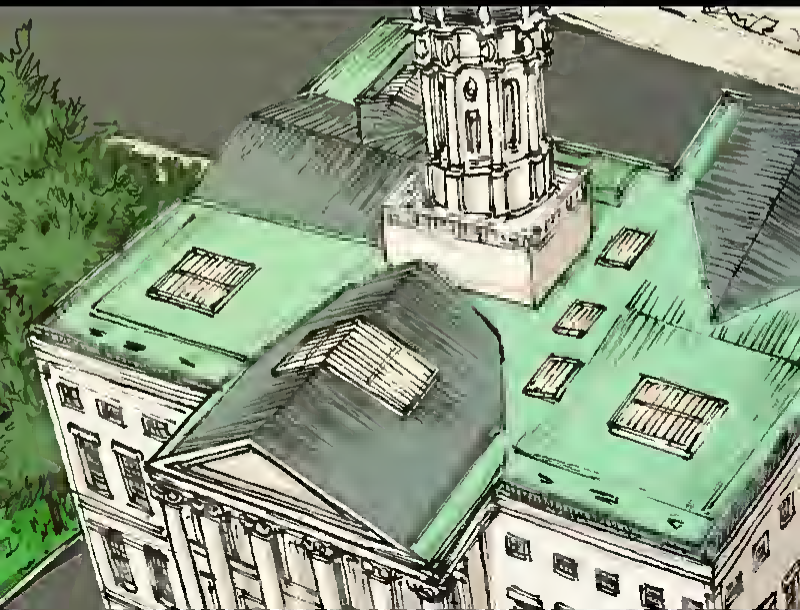
a NEW BROOKLYN COMIC by
DELSANTE • VENÂNCIO • HASPIEL • AKEL

"I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH."

"DON'T MENTION IT."



"WHAT IS

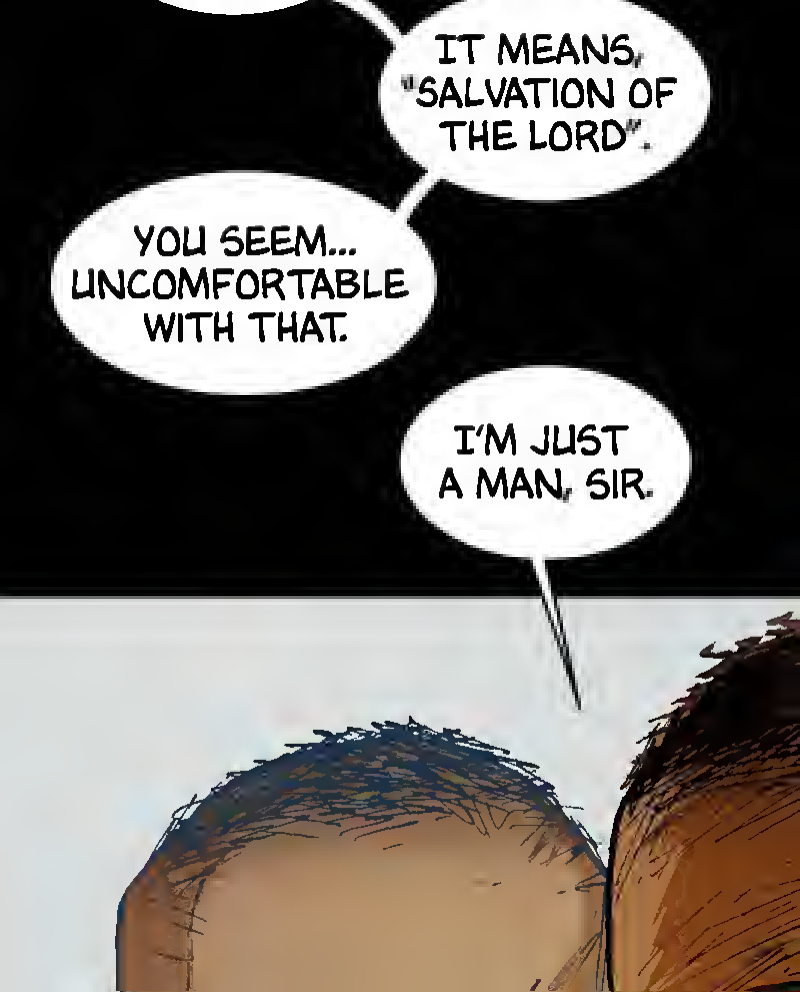
YOUR NAME?

"ISAIAH, SIR."

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR NAME MEANS?

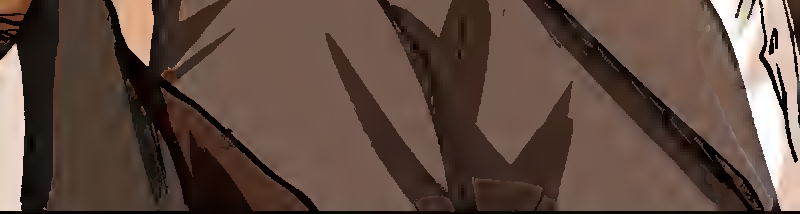
I CAN'T SAY THAT I DO?

IT'S *HEBREW.*


IT MEANS, "SALVATION OF THE LORD".
YOU SEEM... UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THAT.
I'M JUST A MAN, SIR.

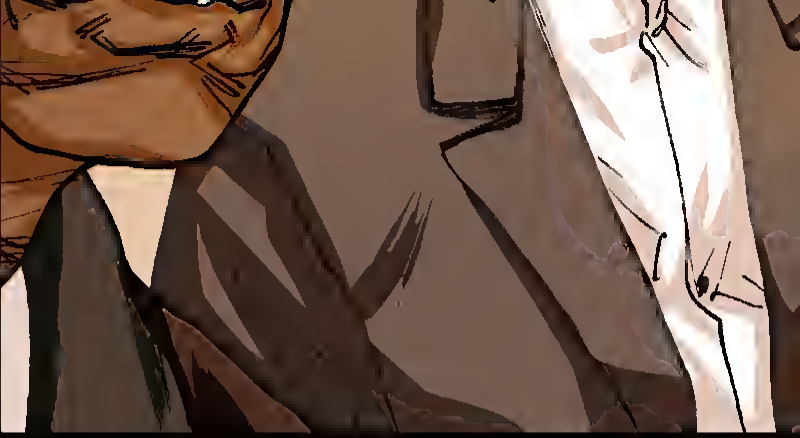
YOU'RE A MAN WITH *EXTRAORDINARY* GIFTS.
THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MEN AND WOMEN LIKE YOU, ISAIAH.

SOME OF THEM WERE FRIENDS. SOME WERE... NOT FRIENDS.
AFTER THE *GREAT SECESSION*, A LOT MORE OF THEM POPPED UP.



IT WASN'T A BABY BOOM, BUT THERE WERE A SIGNIFICANT NUMBER MORE.

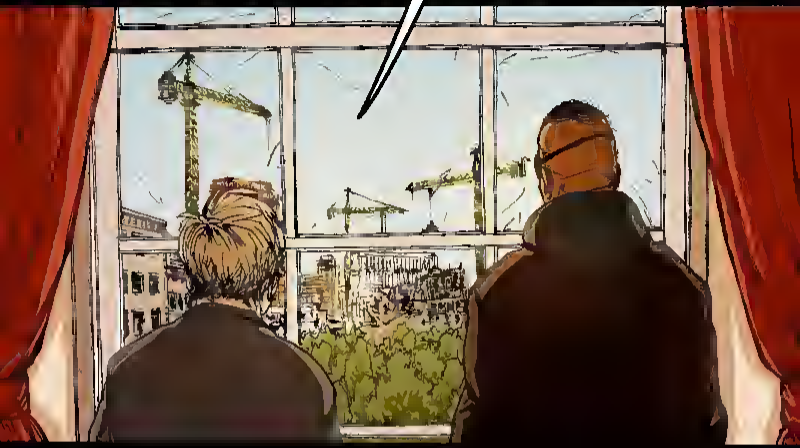
BUT WHEN BROOKLYN SEPARATED, THEY ALL ***DISAPPEARED.***



POOF. GONE.

AND THE PEOPLE... ALL OF US...

WE FELT ABANDONED.



CAN YOU IMAGINE? IN THE MOMENT YOU NEED THEM MOST, THE HEROES ARE

GONE.

WHAT'D YOU DO?

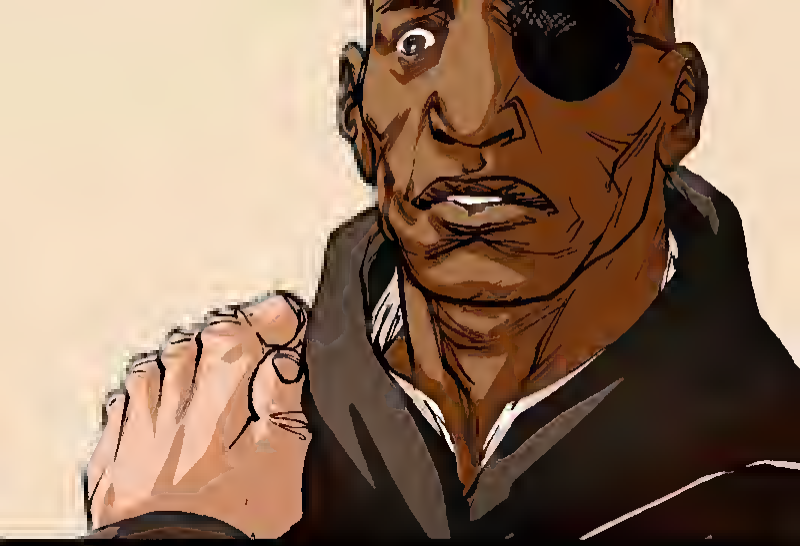
WE RELIED ON

EACH OTHER.
WE BECAME EACH OTHER'S HERO.

EVENTUALLY, THEY CAME BACK.

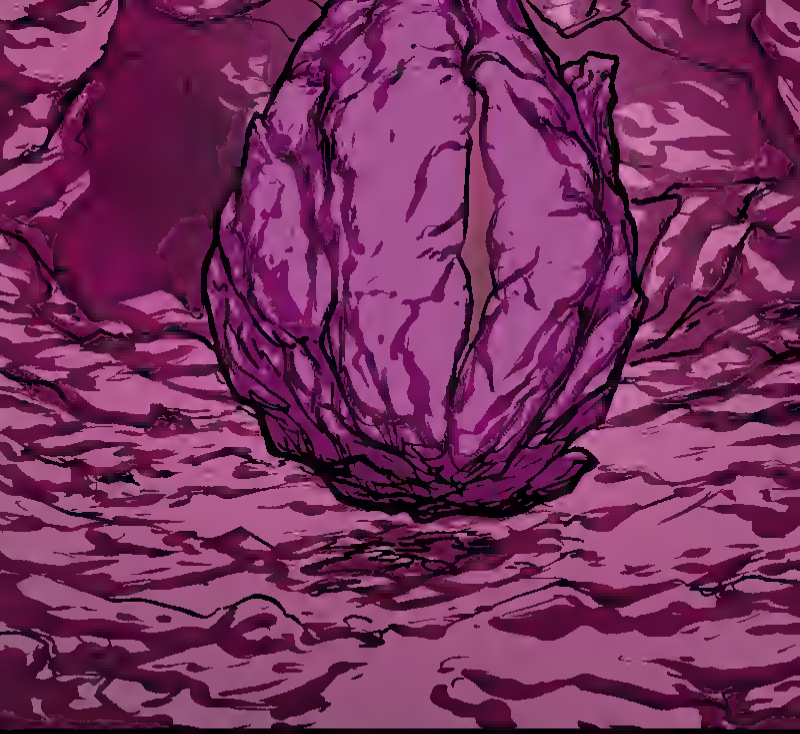
I GUESS THE ANSWER IS THAT THEY HAD TO DEAL WITH THE NEW BROOKLYN *WITHOUT* THEIR MASKS.

WE'RE ALL JUST MEN, ISAIAH.

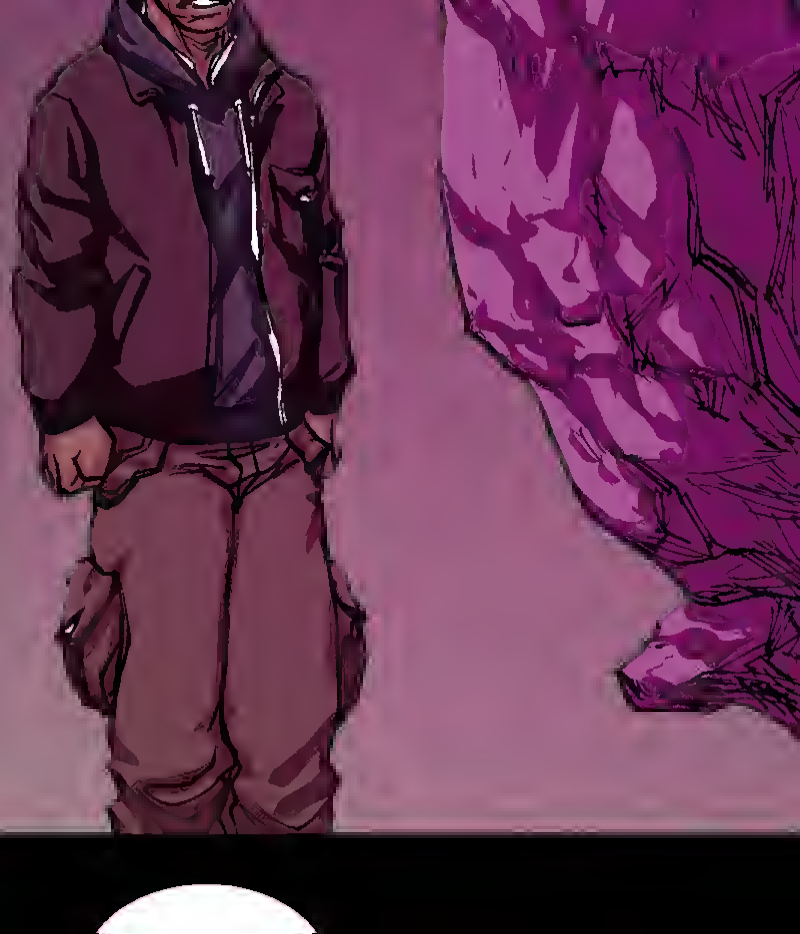


"SO, WHAT NOW?"

THAT'S
THE QUESTION,
ISN'T IT?


ARE YOU...
BACK TO

NORMAL?
YOU MEAN, AM I HEALED?
THE ANSWER IS... I DON'T KNOW.



AND YOU, ISAIAH?

THE ANSWER IS... I DON'T KNOW.

IT'S NOT
AN EASY QUESTION

TO ANSWER.
TOO TRUE.

WHEN WE FIRST MET, YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO

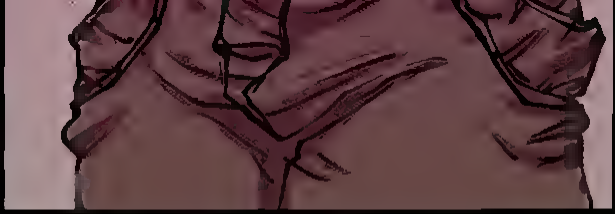
GO HOME.

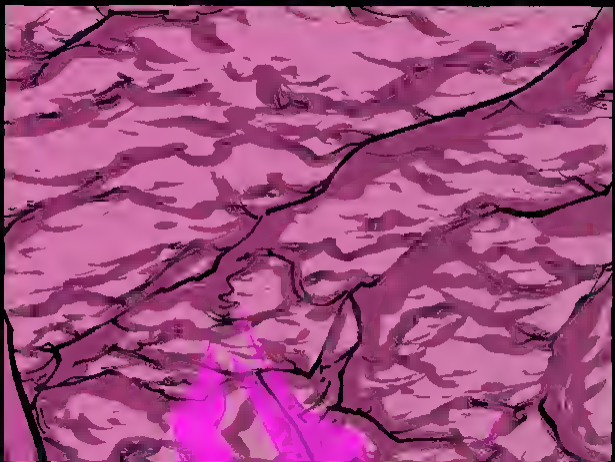
DO YOU BELIEVE YOU CAN?

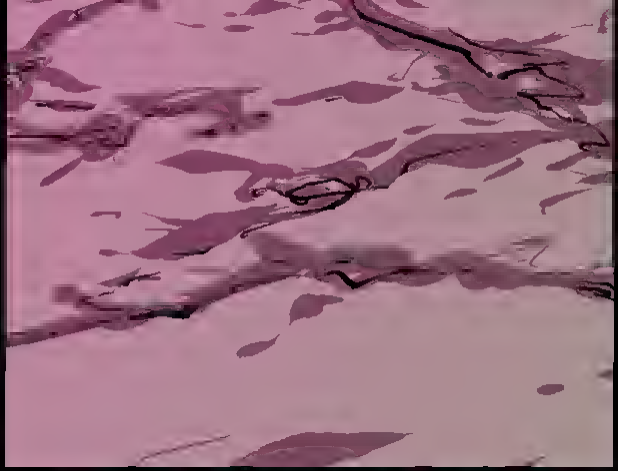
I DON'T EVEN KNOW *IF* I HAVE A HOME I CAN GO TO.

I DON'T... SENSE MY *MOTHER* IS IN BROOKLYN.
BUT BROOKLYN *IS* MY HOME.

I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO.







TO BE CONTINUED